

...the fastest pigeon would have stood no chance

a last-century harpsichord as the instrument
e wished to have tuned. Now, the only harp-
chords I had even seen up to that day had been

red that he was used to it, and out in front was a boss swearing as no central Pennsylvanian ever knew how to swear. The words

with the very dry weather the flames spread and communicated to Mr. Spade's yard. Fifty-nine trees were burned, and apples on them were baked to the very top of branches.

business may be. Intelligence is the first requisite to success. Such help may be found through THE SUN's advertising columns. — *Adm.*